

Mrs. H.: It must have been about nine years ago.

Mr. G.: Yeah.

Mrs. H.: Did you say that she had feet like a deer, and that those hooves were clicking like she had on high heels? And she said that she was buried right there and the people were scared of her, isn't that what you told us?

Mr. G.: Ah, them crazy Indians, they scared of her. Yeah, that's just piece of a story, but you know I seen it. You know he walk alright.

I hear his foot click, click, click..the road. That's all I hear.

He wear a blanket shawl. He don't talk. He don't show his face. Yeah that's no good. Yeah, those Kiowa Indians sure believe it about the spirit. They are all dead and gone.

GHOST DANCE:

Mrs. H.: Why don't you tell him a little bit about the Ghost Dance Grandpa, and sing him a song and explain that to him.

Mr. G.: Yeah, they had a Ghost Dance here. That was the last Indian worship. Them Indians they dance, they call em ghost dance. They worship and they worship, them Indians, oh not very long ago. They go over there every summer about this time, July. They go down there and camp around that (Kiowa name) Bear. He is dead now. They camp around that big bunch of camp and they have a Sundance. Not the Sundance but Ghost dance.

(How would they dance?)

Well, they get up just stand up, you know and they stand up and move a little bit like this. (Ghost dance song) That's the Sundance.

Mrs. H: No, Ghost Dance. We aren't talking about the Sundance.

Mr. G. Yeah, I mean Ghost dance.

Mrs. H: Sing the song that I like that Ghost Dance song and he wants to